

PEACEFUL RIPPLE

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They label me as shy,
a tag I can not easily cut off,
even with the sharpest pair
of scissors in my hand.
That word brings with it
a loaded package
full of misunderstandings.

They believe I am only silent,
but I am waiting to disclose
to the right group of people –
or to be more specific –
the right person,
where I get their undivided attention
knowing they have mine in return,
without my voice drowning out
in a roaring ocean swarmed
with crowded people.

At a social event,
streams of people flood downstream
towards the center of commotion,
as I go upstream in the opposite way
to find one person who I can reside with,
clinging to their firm and reassuring arm
through the chaos of the blinding lights,
blasting music, and boisterous chatter.

Friendship is something I do not ignore
because it is difficult to grasp like a bar of soap
that slips out of hand with a lack of control.
What is difficult to grasp is when they think
I choose to put myself away, alone in the corner

like an unwanted joker in a pool of playing cards.
In reality, I am an introvert.

I am not a quiet goldfish peering out into the world,
through the watery lens of a blurry glass window,
but I live in it too. Even though I prefer to thread through
a tranquil body of water. I recognize the power in my voice
and acknowledge its existence to express my desires,
knowing fully that its wave does not need to crash
the loudest upon shore to be heard. Its peaceful ripple
leaving trails of bubbles behind are enough to be visible.
So do not let the false label make you think otherwise.